



# Vaudeville Doubles

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WALTER COMPANY

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# AND BOOKS 1925

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This is a play from the production of which actors and audiences alike will derive keen enjoyment. Especially recommended to Little Theatres and schools. During the third act the characters enact their own story as it would appear in the movies. In submitting the manuscript of this play to a member of the faculty of one of our representative schools, the reply came back: "This is the best naturalistic play that I have read for many a day. The play reading committee of our school simply went wild over it and I hope that you will allow us to give the premier performance in this part of the country." Royalty \$10.00. Price, 50 cents.

JON

By Dorothy O. Savage

This is one of the strongest and most touching short plays written in recent years. Laid in a fisherman's cottage on the bleak and stormy Scottish coast, it has in its very fibre a touch of the stress of the storm-tossed and wind-swept land. The types are fisher folk, primitive and vivid, and its tragic story marches relentlessly to its inevitable ending with that simplicity and truthfulness which marks real drama and real literature. Few plays of the day will be found more impressive by that public which wishes to find the theatre what a well-known critic has called "an adult art." Three males, three females. Time of playing, about forty minutes. Royalty, each performance, \$5.00. Manuscript only 50 cents per copy.

**BAKER'S PLAYS, BOSTON, MASS.**



# Vaudeville Doubles

By  
H. I. LARITY



BOSTON  
WALTER H. BAKER COMPANY  
1923



# NEW PLAYS AND BOOKS

— Season 1925 —

## ONE ROOM, PLUS By Elizabeth Calder & Walter Ben Hare

A dramatic comedy in three acts. Three males and three females. Scenery a single easy interior. Plays a full evening. This laughable play blends youthful spirits and intense modernity with the kindly wisdom of the previous generation. Frank Carmichael is trying to provide Julia, a pleasure loving wife, with city life and freedom from household care. Their home is a collection of mechanical conveniences, assembled in a combined living, dining, and sleeping room, plus bath and kitchenette. Into this "ONE ROOM, PLUS" of Fred and Julia, "Dad" Carmichael is warmly welcomed for a visit. He immediately makes himself at home finding the top of the bath tub a convenient place to sleep. John Carmichael, Fred's elder brother, and his wife, call on "Dad" and criticise Julia's extravagant tastes and aspirations and their influence on Fred. They flaunt their economies and exhibit, in contrast to "ONE ROOM, PLUS," a real home of their own in the suburbs. "Dad's" kindly philosophy, whimsical wisdom, and ability to see both sides, brings about an unexpected harmony. Before he leaves "ONE ROOM, PLUS," the recently antagonistic young people have to some degree, the aspect of a mutual admiration party. The six characters have equally prominent parts. That of "Dad" Carmichael with its shafts of homely wit will become classic.

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WHAT STREET?

*Negro Talking Act*

## CHARACTERS

GEORGE, *who dislikes work.*

NICODEMUS, *who dislikes the same thing.*

COSTUMES—Misfit clothing. Stiff hat for NICODEMUS.

PROPERTIES—Whitewash pail and brush for GEORGE.

No scenery required.

TIME—About ten minutes.



## WHAT STREET?

---

SCENERY.—*None required.*

(GEORGE enters from L. with whitewash pail in one hand and whitewash brush in other. Stops c. and sets down pail, laying brush on pail. NICODEMUS enters from L. and walks past GEORGE.)

GEORGE. Hey, dere, Nicodemus, whar yo' all gwine?

NICODEMUS (*stops and calmly turns around*). I been whar I'se gwine; I'se jest gittin' back.

GEORGE. Whar yo' been?

NICODEMUS. Whar I'se jest gittin' back from.

GEORGE. Whar's dat?

NICODEMUS. Whar I stahted fo'.

GEORGE. Man, yo' sure got a unlightenin' way ob gibbin' insfo'mation. Did yo' all git whar yo' stahted fo'?

NICODEMUS. Cose I did. I was down in de Fou'th Ward.

GEORGE. What street?

NICODEMUS. Yeah.

GEORGE. I asked yo' what street?

NICODEMUS. I said, "Yeah," didn't I?

GEORGE. But dat ain't answerin' me nothin' a-tall. Whar was yo' down in de Fou'th Ward?

NICODEMUS. What Street.

GEORGE. Dat's jest 'zactly de 'gredient ob mah question. What street?

NICODEMUS. An' de condinscendin' outcome ob mah

answer was de aforesaid insfo'mation sustained in de words, "What Street." Does yo' all comperhen' now?

GEORGE. I knows jest dis much: Yo' was down in de Fou'th Ward.

NICODEMUS. 'Zactly.

GEORGE. An' dere am lots an' lots ob streets in de Fou'th Ward.

NICODEMUS. 'Zactly.

GEORGE. An' yo' went to one ob dem streets.

NICODEMUS. 'Zactly.

GEORGE. Now what dis niggah wants to know am dis: Yo' went to what street?

NICODEMUS. 'Zactly.

GEORGE (*picking up whitewash brush threateningly*). Yo' say dat word "'Zactly" again an' I'll bust yo' ober de haid wid dis smear brush!

NICODEMUS. 'Zactly.

GEORGE (*starting toward NICODEMUS*). I wahned yo', man. (*NICODEMUS quickly reaches for his rear trouser pocket and GEORGE hesitates, registering fright. NICODEMUS nonchalantly pulls large red handkerchief from pocket and wipes nose. GEORGE heaves a sigh of relief and grins.*) Yo' know somefing, Nicodemus?

NICODEMUS. What?

GEORGE. When yo' put yo' hand in yo' pocket I done thought yo' was gwine to pull out a razor.

NICODEMUS (*replacing handkerchief*). I ain't got no razor in mah pocket.

GEORGE. Yo' ain't got no razor in *none* ob yo' pockets?

NICODEMUS. Nope.

GEORGE. Yo' ain't got nothin' in *none* ob yo' pockets fo' self-defense?

NICODEMUS. Not a fing.

GEORGE. Not a fing?

NICODEMUS. Not a fing.

GEORGE. Didn't I tell yo' not to say dat word "'Zactly" no mo'? (*Hits NICODEMUS over the head with brush, crushing the latter's hat down over his ears.*) Now maybe perhaps yo'll all tell me what street yo' was on.



NICODEMUS (*endeavoring to get hat loose from head*). I done tol' yo' sebenteen times it was What Street. (GEORGE *starts toward him*. NICODEMUS *backs away*.) Dat's de name ob de street, yo' fool niggah—What Street—What Street.

GEORGE. Wall, fo' de Lawd's sake, Nicodemus, why fo' didn't yo' tell me afore I spoiled dis smear brush? What yo' all doin' down on What Street?

NICODEMUS. Went down to see mah gal.

GEORGE. Got a new one?

NICODEMUS. Naw, jest de ol' one painted ober.

GEORGE. I done thought dey lived down by de railroad.

NICODEMUS. Dey done moved.

GEORGE. Dey moved again?

NICODEMUS. Yep. Yo' know, Geo'ge, dey moves so much dat when dey brung de stove ouden de kitchen do' all dere chickens go to de movin' wagon an' lay on dere backs to git dere feets tied.

GEORGE. So dey keeps chickens, huh?

NICODEMUS. Dey keeps all what don't go back home.

GEORGE. What yo' go down to see yo' gal dis time ob day fo'?

NICODEMUS. I went down to ast her to marry me.

GEORGE. Fo' de lub ob Moses, man, what yo' all wants to git married fo'?

NICODEMUS. Wall, dey ain't nobody else gwine s'port me, is dere?

GEORGE. Am she gwine to marry yo'?

NICODEMUS. She done say she marry me ef I gits a job.

GEORGE. Some women don't use no judgment a-tall, does dey?

NICODEMUS. Dat's mah indecision in de mattah 'zactly. Gittin' so now days yo' can't do nuthin' 'thout workin'. Got to work to git money to shoot craps; can't eat 'less yo' work; can't git married 'less yo' work. Don't know what dis worl' am comin' to.

GEORGE. Is yo' gwine to gib up de gal or is yo' gwine to lower yo'self to work?

NICODEMUS. I had a job dis mawnin'.

GEORGE. Am dat a fac'?

NICODEMUS. It am a fac'. I was workin' fo' de meanest man in de worl'.

GEORGE. How come?

NICODEMUS. Put eggs in mah back pockets so's I couldn't set down an' rest. Meanest man in de worl'. Awful mean. Ef dat man eber gits to heaben he'll steal de strings off'n de harps an' sell 'em for shoe strings. Meanest man I eber seen.

GEORGE. Den dat made yo' mad an' yo' quit?

NICODEMUS. Dat wasn't it. De reason an' wharfo' dat I resigned from de position was account ob a insultin' remark he done made at me in mah presence.

GEORGE. Did he come right out an' 'sult yo'?

NICODEMUS. He jest said somefing dat hurt mah feelin's.

GEORGE. What did he said?

NICODEMUS. He said, "Nicodemus, yo' is fired!" Den I resigned.

GEORGE. Man, yo' hab a jest an' perfect right fo' quittin' dat job.

*(Both step quickly center and recite the following poem, syncopating the lines.)*

GEORGE.

I'se gwine to buy a gun.

NICODEMUS.

He's gwine to buy a gun.

GEORGE.

He's gwine to buy a gun.

NICODEMUS.

I'se gwine to buy a gun.

GEORGE.

Den we's gwine to start a-huntin',

NICODEMUS.

An' we ain't a-gwine to shirk,

BOTH.

'Cause we's lookin' fo' de pusson  
Dat invented work.



GEORGE.

I'se gwine to look fo'eber.

NICODEMUS.

He's gwine to look fo'eber.

GEORGE.

He's gwine to look fo'eber.

NICODEMUS.

I'se gwine to look fo'eber.

GEORGE.

We is gwine to keep a-lookin'

NICODEMUS.

Ebery night an' day,

BOTH.

An' when we finds dat pusson  
Dere'll be trouble right away.

GEORGE.

I'se gwine to barbecue him.

NICODEMUS.

He's gwine to barbecue him.

GEORGE.

He's gwine to barbecue him.

NICODEMUS.

I'se gwine to barbecue him.

GEORGE.

We is gwine to knock him off de map,

NICODEMUS.

Den knock him on again;

BOTH.

Dere ain't no sense in all dis work  
Fo' us po' colored men.

GEORGE.

I'se bad when I gits started.

NICODEMUS.

He's bad when he gits started.

GEORGE.

He's bad when he gits started.

NICODEMUS.

I'se bad when I gits started.

GEORGE.

We's gwine to start a new paradise,

NICODEMUS.

An' fings will be jest fine—perhaps;

BOTH.

An' when we gits dis pair ob dice  
We'll start in shootin' craps.

GEORGE.

Yo' un'erstan' jest what I means?

NICODEMUS.

Yo' un'erstan' jest what he means?

GEORGE.

Yo' un'erstan' jest what he means?

NICODEMUS.

Yo' un'erstan' jest what I means?

GEORGE.

We's gwine to raise de debbil;

NICODEMUS.

Yep, dat dere am our intention,

BOTH.

To fin' de man what invented work—  
Dat's a hek ob a invention!

*(This can be followed up by a good snappy song or dance. Otherwise make a quick exit, followed by a quick curtain.)*

CURTAIN



KRAZY KAT

*A Vaudeville Sketch in One Act*

## CHARACTERS

JACK WISE.  
MESSENGER BOY.



## KRAZY KAT

---

SCENE.—*A street drop in one.*

*(Curtain rises to lively music and JACK WISE enters in a breezy manner and advances to center of stage. He is dressed in a sporty fashion. Panama hat, white flannel trousers, blue coat, etc. He introduces a lively song and as he is singing the last line the MESSENGER BOY enters and stands near him and at the same time pokes a telegram in his face and holds it there until song is finished. He stands just as straight as he can and never says a word. He wears a regular messenger's suit.)*

JACK *(when he has finished the song looks at MESSENGER as though he were a worm and is somewhat angry when he speaks)*. See here, young man, what do you mean by interrupting me when I am singing? Don't you know that you never should do that? *(MESSENGER still holds telegram in front of JACK and never says a word.)* Why don't you answer me? Why, you little, insignificant, half human, dried up, marble-headed apology for a maggot, what do you mean, I say?

MESS. *(speaks like a "Tough Guy")*. Aw, I heard you the first time. Can't yer see I got a message fer you?

JACK. Well, why didn't you say so and not stand there and push it into my mouth?

MESS. Well, gove'nor, that's the only place that seems to be open all the time.

JACK *(reaches for telegram but MESSENGER pulls it*

away from him). Say, you're a fresh kid, just like all the rest of your class. I'll read the message.

*(Reaches for it.)*

MESS. Aw, put on the emergency—throw in the clutch—you're travelling too fast. There's a quarter due on this piece of paper and me terms is strictly cash.

JACK. Well, how do I know the message is worth a quarter before I read it?

MESS. And how do I know you're worth a quarter after you read it? It's no use taking the bull by the tail that way. Come across, you remnant of Woolworth's five and ten-cent bargain counter. Slip me something, slip me something.

JACK. I guess I'll have to report you to the manager. Here's your quarter.

MESS. Here's yer message. And it's a good one, too.

JACK. How do you know it's a good one?

MESS. I belong to de national board of censorship and all messages that goes through our office has to be read by yours truly.

*(JACK has been reading the message and he throws his hat up in the air and yells.)*

JACK. Hurray. Say, boy, do you know what this message says? It says that my uncle died and left me one hundred thousand dollars. Say, boy, do you believe in dreams?

MESS. Sure.

JACK. Well, the other night I dreamt I had a lot of money coming to me, and here it is. That proves that dreams come true.

MESS. Sure—the other night I dreamt that my watch was gone and the dream was so real that I got up to see if it really was gone.

JACK. And was it gone?

MESS. No, but it was going. *(Pause.)* Then I jumped back onto the bed and went through the mattress and fell into the spring and almost drowned.



JACK. Is that so?

MESS. Sure. And then to make matters worse fire broke out in my room but finally got away on the fire escape and then just as I made up me mind that all hands was safe the machine skidded and we ran into a telephone post. A policeman ran towards us to get our number but I started the motor and the darned old airship went right up into the air and we escaped. At first the old ship was sailing along nice and smooth but a storm broke out and she was lashed against the shore ——

JACK (*tries to stop him but he goes right on. Every once in a while JACK tries to stop him*). Say, hold on a minute.

MESS. (*goes right on*). Just as she stove a hole in her side we pulled into the station just twenty minutes late. When we started again the engineer put on full power and the old train shot around the curves of the track at a speed of sixty miles an hour ——

JACK. Hold on a minute—hold on ——

MESS. (*continues*). Then our regiment was ordered to take the enemy's trench. Like brave soldiers we started forward—our brave leader in the lead. Strike for home and country was the cry, and I was just about to strike for home when a man reeled and fell at my side. I stooped down and placed his head on my knees and he tried to speak. The words would not come. His face grew ashen gray and in another moment I looked upon the dead features of poor old general delivery.

JACK. Feel better now?

MESS. I think so. Why?

JACK. Why? The idea of a man with your intelligence standing there and reeling off such nonsense as that. What is that thing on your shoulders made of anyway?

MESS. Yer got me. I didn't make it.

JACK. Ivory—that's what. Solid ivory, understand? Do you mean to say you don't know what ivory is?

MESS. Sure I know what it is.

JACK. Well, what is it?

MESS. Soap. (*Here they break into a lively song*

*and at close of song* MESSENGER *hands JACK a pill.*)  
Here, take this pill.

JACK. What's the idea anyway? Why should I take this pill?

MESS. Don't you like to travel?

JACK. Certainly I like to travel, but what has this pill got to do with it?

MESS. With that pill all you have to do is decide where you want to go and you're on your way. I invented that myself and it's the real goods. Take one with me and we'll take a trip to Europe.

JACK. Perhaps you're trying to kid me but I'll call your bluff—here goes. *(They both take a pill and after a moment's pause both begin to blink and look queer.)* Hurrah, we're off.

MESS. Yes—way off. *(Takes a four-foot telescope from his pocket and looks out over the audience as if he were at sea.)* My goodness, take this glass and look out there and tell me if you see anything funny.

*(Hands glass to JACK.)*

JACK *(looks through glass)*. No. What is it?

MESS. The ocean looks very wet to me. *(Takes glass again.)* My, look at all the fishes.

JACK. How many do you see?

MESS. Nine thousand, three hundred and thirty-eight thousand, six hundred and eighty-two besides a couple of small ones.

JACK. I don't believe it.

MESS. Well, count them. There's a storm coming up. It's cloudy in the west.

JACK *(begins to reel like a man on a ship in a storm)*. Gee, the old ship is beginning to roll.

MESS. It's going to be a whopper of a storm.

JACK. I'm beginning to feel sick. Where's there a bucket?

MESS. Wait a minute. Take in a notch in your belt. I see the sun coming up. The storm will be over in a minute or two.



JACK. Let me see that glass. (*Takes glass.*) I don't believe you see the sun at all. Where is it?

MESS. (*points to a certain spot in the audience*). Over there. Can't you see it?

JACK. Sun? Sun nothing. That's a bald head, you boob.

(*Lively song for finish of act and exit.*)

CURTAIN





PATTER

*A Vaudeville Sketch in One Act*

## CHARACTERS

ERASTUS BLACK, *a bit of ebony.*

DICK WHITE, *a bit of ivory.*



## PATTER

---

SCENE.—*Any street drop. Open to lively music.*

*(As the curtain rises ERASTUS BLACK enters in a lively manner. He is 'dressed in a loud checked suit; his trousers are much too large and his coat too short. He sings a lively song and then stops and looks over the audience.)*

ERASTUS. I sure am in a fix. My partner done went and got drunk this morning and now I hain't got no one to do this act with me. Of course if they was anyone in the audience that was an actor I could get along, but ob course they hain't, so I ——

*(Voice from the audience.)*

DICK *(from audience)*. Well, if I couldn't act any better than you can I wouldn't call myself an actor. I'm getting sick of coming here every week to see such trash as this. You better clear out and give somebody else a chance.

*(ERASTUS pretends to feel very badly; and be sure that this is well done.)*

ERASTUS. Well, sor, you sure do take me by surprise. I was only joking and I sure am mighty sorry that anyone am dissatisfied with de show. I always tries to do de best I can, and I have to make a living like everybody else. I'm mighty sorry, and I apologize. Perhaps you might help me out a little.

DICK. Sure I will.

*(Starts up the aisle and steps onto the stage.)*

ERASTUS. That am very kind ob you —— *(He sees DICK and looks surprised, and then gives him his hand.)* Well, I declare to goodness, Dick, am it you? My golly, but I'm glad to see yo' all right, all right. What am yo' doing way out here?

DICK. Of course it's me, Rastus.

ERASTUS. What am you doing out here?

DICK. I'm working, my boy, working.

ERASTUS *(laughs heartily)*. Ho—ho—ho—dat am a good one, you working. Man, yo' never done a day's work in your life. Yo' am too lazy to work.

DICK. Now see here, is that the way you thank me for coming up here to help you? You don't need to tell everybody what you know. Why don't you use your head a little, you bonehead? What do you suppose those people will think of me now? Haven't you any brains? What do you call that thing on your shoulders anyway?

ERASTUS. Yo' don't know what dat am?

DICK. No, I don't. The idea of you talking about me like that. What do you call that thing on your shoulders?

ERASTUS. I sure am surprised at yo'. Yo' a man of education don't know what dat am. Yo' a man ob brains—a man what has travelled all over de earth don't know what dat am. Why, any darn fool would know at first glance that dat am a black head.

*(Give audience time to get it.)*

DICK. Why, that is solid ivory—understand, solid ivory.

ERASTUS. I sure don't understand what yo' mean.

DICK. I'm not surprised. Why, you are the biggest idiot in the world. Do you mean to tell me that you don't know what ivory is—I-V-O-R-Y—ivory, understand. Now, do you know what it is?

ERASTUS. Sure! Soap.



DICK. That's about as much as you know. After I come up here to help you out you try to make a fool of me. Don't you know the difference between ivory and soap? Ivory is solid and heavy. Soap floats on water it's so light. That's the difference. Ivory sinks and soap floats.

ERASTUS. Am dat why dey make naptha launches?

DICK. No, no. Don't you ask me any more such fool questions. Here, take this cigar and smoke a while. (*Gives him cigar. ERASTUS puts the cigar in his mouth and lights a match. DICK places his hand on ERASTUS's wrist and talks to him while the match is burning. ERASTUS holds the match while he listens and drops it with a howl when it begins to burn his fingers.*) Now I want to give you a little advice ——

(*ERASTUS drops the match, then lights another, and the same business is repeated.*)

ERASTUS. All right—go ahead.

DICK (*holding ERASTUS's wrist*). Never try to make a fool of a ——

(*ERASTUS drops the match again.*)

ERASTUS (*lights another match*). Why, I never.

DICK (*same business with match*). As I said before never try to make a fool of a ——

(*ERASTUS drops match.*)

ERASTUS. That's all right. I guess that's good advice, but I guess I won't smoke now. Why don't yo' smoke yourself, Dick?

DICK. Well, I guess I will.

(*Takes cigar and lights a match, but this is really a taper about two feet long which he has up his sleeve, and keeps drawing out as it burns. ERASTUS tries the same business with him.*)

ERASTUS (*holding DICK's wrist*). Now, Dick, I done appreciate what (*Looks at match and acts as if surprised*

*when DICK does not drop it.)* what yo' told me and I hopes that you won't (*Looks at match again, and acts as if nervous, but goes on talking.*) be mad with me 'cause yo' knows I don't know so much as yo' —— (*Looks at match, same business.*) Say, Dick, yo' know I like the kind of cigars yo' smoke, I ——

DICK. So do I.

*(Draws the taper out and lights cigar, and exits laughing.)*

ERASTUS *(stands watching him and then shakes his head)*. Well, I declare to goodness.

*(Sings song and just at close DICK enters.)*

DICK. Well, Rastus, you sing pretty well, in fact I like to see you sing.

ERASTUS. Yo' mean that you like to hear me sing, dat's w'at.

DICK. No, I mean what I said. I like to see the faces you make when you sing.

ERASTUS. Dey's one thing about it. I ain't no worse than that sister of yours.

DICK. Now you see here, Rastus, don't you say anything about my sister.

ERASTUS. Fo' why won't I say anything against yo' sister?

DICK. Because you had better look in your own family. Your father was one of the most despicable men in the country. Your father was a spy.

ERASTUS. Now yo' looky yere, Mr. Dick, don't yo' call my father a spy.

DICK. I say your father was a spy in a mint.

ERASTUS. They never was no spies in our family.

DICK. I say your father was a spy in a mint.

ERASTUS. And I say my father never was a mint spy.  
*(Mince Pie.)*

DICK. And I say your father was a—no, he wasn't —— *(In disgust.)* Oh, I can't explain anything to you. Come on home.



ERASTUS. Wait a minute. Yo' just insulted my father, and I want to tell yo' that my father was a manufacturer of shoes. He went around picking up old skins and then he made them into shoes.

DICK. Well, well, is that so? What kind of skins did he pick up?

ERASTUS. All kinds, all kinds, Mr. Dick.

DICK. Now, now, see here. You can't tell me that. I know something about shoes.

ERASTUS. I can't help that. My father used all kinds of skins. Yes, siree.

DICK. Why, you make me tired. Since you are so smart perhaps you can tell me what kind of shoes your father made with banana skins.

ERASTUS. Sure Ah can.

DICK. Well, then, what kind of shoes did your father make with banana skins?

ERASTUS. Slippers.

*(Lively music; they sing a lively song and exeunt.)*

CURTAIN



# HOLY SMOKE

*A Vaudeville Sketch in One Act*



## CHARACTERS

SAM JOHNSON, *a swell negro.*

TOM WATERS, *a travelling salesman.*

## HOLY SMOKE

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SCENE.—*A street drop in one.*

*(Curtain rises to lively music and SAM JOHNSON, a swell negro, and TOM WATERS, a well-dressed traveling salesman, enter from opposite sides of stage. TOM carries a suit case and SAM carries a grip. They almost run into each other when they arrive at the center of the stage. They show surprise upon meeting and TOM puts out his hand.)*

TOM. Well, well, if it isn't my old friend Sam! How are you, old man?

SAM. Oh, I ain't very well.

TOM. Well, well.

SAM. I said I ain't well.

TOM. Is that so? What's the matter?

SAM *(holds out his grip)*. Ah got the grip.

*(TOM laughs.)*

TOM. That's not so bad, but I didn't hear you say you were glad to see me. Here it's been three years since I saw you and you never said I'm glad to see you, Tom.

SAM. Course Ah's glad to see you. Ah's just dazed Ah's so happy, that's all. And now I suppose your office is full from morning until night wid all dem fine ladies and gentlemens all looking for divorce. Ah'll bet you'se a mighty big lawyer now.

TOM. No, no, Sam. I gave up the law two years ago.

SAM. Sho, is that a fact? What was de matter?

Couldn't all dem smart alecs see that you was the ham what am?

TOM. There wasn't anything doing, Sam, right from the start. I hung out a sign and in a whole year I got only one case.

SAM. Ah declare, Ah's surprised, Ah sure is. And what was dat case, man?

TOM (*holds out suit case*). This suit case. (*They both turn their bags up on end and sit on them.*) And now, Sam, I'm a travelling salesman. What do you think of that?

SAM. Well, ob course, that am not so mellifluous as being a lawyer, but a man sure got to do something to make money. Ah knows that.

TOM. I don't do this for money, Sam. Why, anybody can make money without working at all.

SAM. Ah sure don't believe that, Tom. Dat ain't in my vocationary.

TOM. You mean that that isn't in your vocabulary.

SAM. No, sir, Ah means my vocationary. Ah ain't swell enough to own one ob dem things what you said. But Ah sure would like to know how to make money without working.

TOM. Sam, old man, it's the easiest thing in the world. Have you got a dollar bill?

SAM. Say, man, yo' ain't no salesman. Yo're a lunatic.

TOM. Well, it doesn't make any difference. (*Points up in the air just in front of SAM.*) Will you hand me down that dollar bill, please?

SAM. Ah don't see no dollar bill.

TOM (*points again*). Why, there it is right up there. See it?

SAM (*looks up and makes all the funny expressions he can, blinks, rubs his eyes and looks generally foolish*). Say, Tom, Ah don't believe I'm looking where yo' is.

TOM. Why, the idea of a man looking right at it and can't see. Why, the air is full of money.

SAM (*takes out a long pistol from his coat pocket on the side away from TOM and he holds it so the audience*



*can see it*). Ah hates to do it, but if he gits dangerous, Ah'll just blow him sensible, that's all. Perhaps yo're right, Tom, but Ah doan see nothing that looks like a dollar bill.

TOM (*TOM has had a dollar in his hand all folded up so that SAM couldn't see it*). Well, of course, if you can't use a little spending money I'll get it myself. (*He reaches into the air and shows SAM a dollar bill.*) There you are.

(*SAM nearly has a fit. He begins fanning himself with his coat-tails, etc.*)

SAM. Mah goodness, man, mah goodness, Ah neber saw anything like that before. Am de air really and honest to goodness full ob money?

TOM. Certainly it is.

SAM (*opens his grip and scatters his clothes about*). Then Ah's going to git busy, Ah is.

TOM. You don't understand at all. You have to know how to make money before you can make a living without working.

SAM. Ah reckons dat am a fact.

TOM. Sure it is. Now you're my friend, Sam, and I'm going to show you how.

SAM. Dat am very kind ob you, Tom.

TOM. I am going to show you how for one hundred dollars.

SAM. 'Scuse me. Dat am not so kind.

TOM. My regular price for showing people how to make money is ninety dollars, but because you are my best friend I'm going to show you how to do it for just an even hundred.

SAM. Mah goodness, but dat man shure do love me. (*To TOM.*) But, man, all de money Ah got is one hundred and five dollars.

TOM. That's all right, old man. Don't worry about that. My price is a hundred dollars but I'll take the hundred and five and trust you for the rest.

SAM (*scratches his head*). It sure am wonderful how

dat man can figure for his friends. You sure am good to me, Tom, and I appreciates it, but Ah'm done goin' to give you dat five 'fore Ah has to pay more. (*Reaches down and takes a big roll of bills from his stocking and hands it to TOM.*) There you am. Now show me how to make money.

TOM. All right, old man, but I want you to tell me that you won't show anyone else how to make money this way.

SAM. Course Ah won't. Land ob goodness, man, Ah knows a good thing when Ah sees it and Ah sure am glad that you am going to show me how to do it.

TOM. It's very simple. All you have to do is take a dollar bill like this. (*Takes a bill from roll SAM gave him and begins folding it so that it will be all creased up.*) Fold it up like this and place it in your vest pocket like this.

SAM. Sure that am easy enough.

TOM. Then when you take it out of your pocket you see it in creases. (*Increases.*)

SAM (*blinks a minute*). Nope, that ain't what Ah sees.

TOM. That isn't what you see. Do you mean to tell me that you can't see the bill in creases?

SAM. No, but Ah can see where Ah'm stung a hundred and five bucks.

(*They introduce a good live song and close.*)

CURTAIN



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